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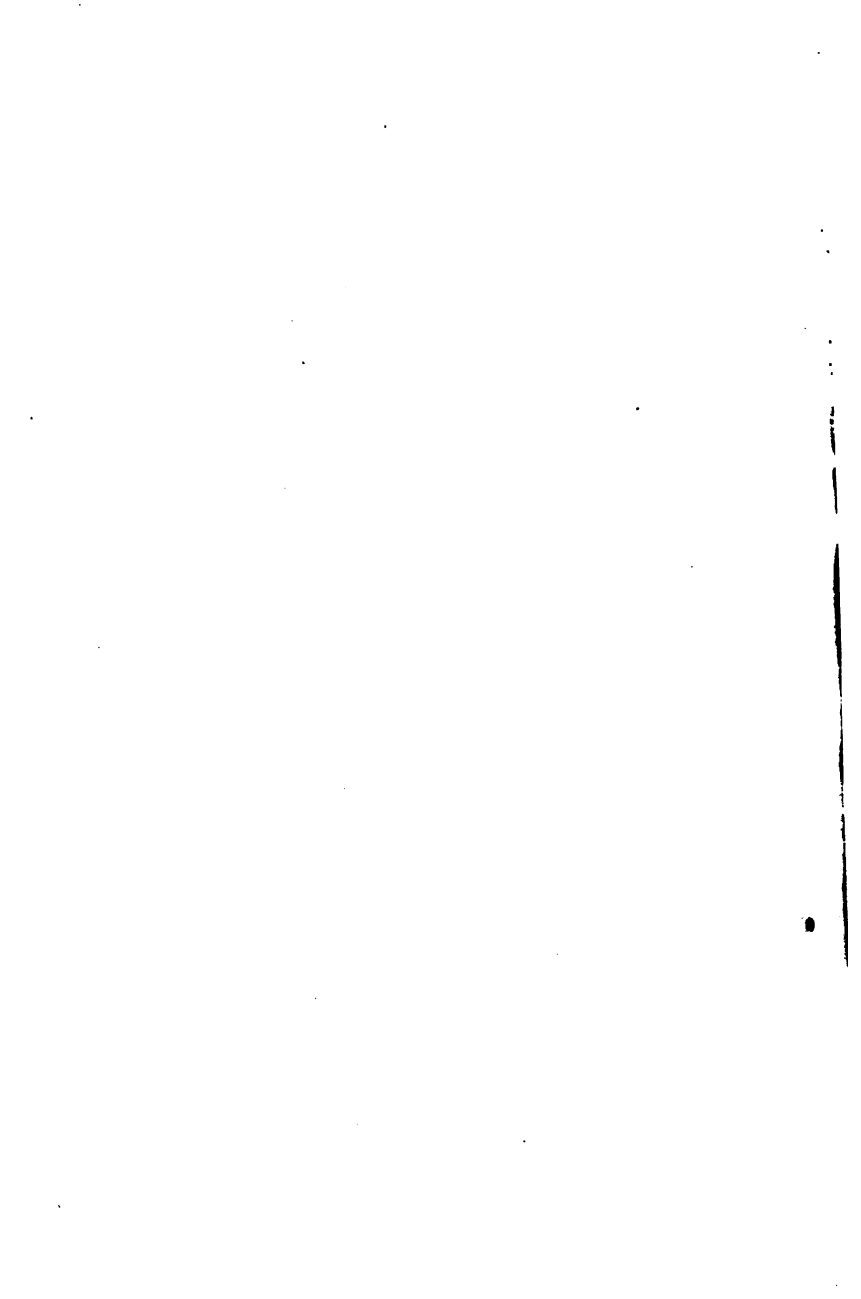
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Out of a Silver Flute.



The Fleur de Lis Poets.

OVT OF A ✥ · ✥ · ✥
✥ · ✥ SILVER FLVTE.
BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

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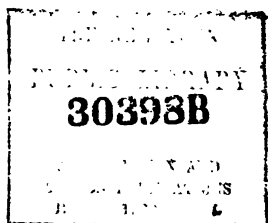
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NEW YORK. J. SELWIN TAIT
AND SONS, NUMBER SIXTY-
FIVE FIFTH AVENUE. · ✥ · ✥

[1896]

M. S. M.



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NEW YORK

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Dedication.

To Ella.

*My soul through births and deaths pro-
cessioned on*

*The progress way, ambition-spurred;
but, oh,*

*It glides so swiftly since you brought the
dawn*

*And made white-lilied aspirations
grow!*

W O R 19 FEB '36

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*Published in *Chips*.

†Published in *Judge*.

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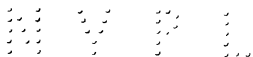
Quatrains.

The Sunset.

Old Sol dipped low, and red through
clouds he burst,
And all adown a ripple path he trod
'Till lo ! 'gainst purple lights appeared—
reversed—
The golden exclamation point of God !

In California.

Great lines of mountain peaks against
the sky
Like God's eternal, vast chirography
Appear ; but raised in huge solemnity
Great Shasta stands an awe-inspiring I.



1974

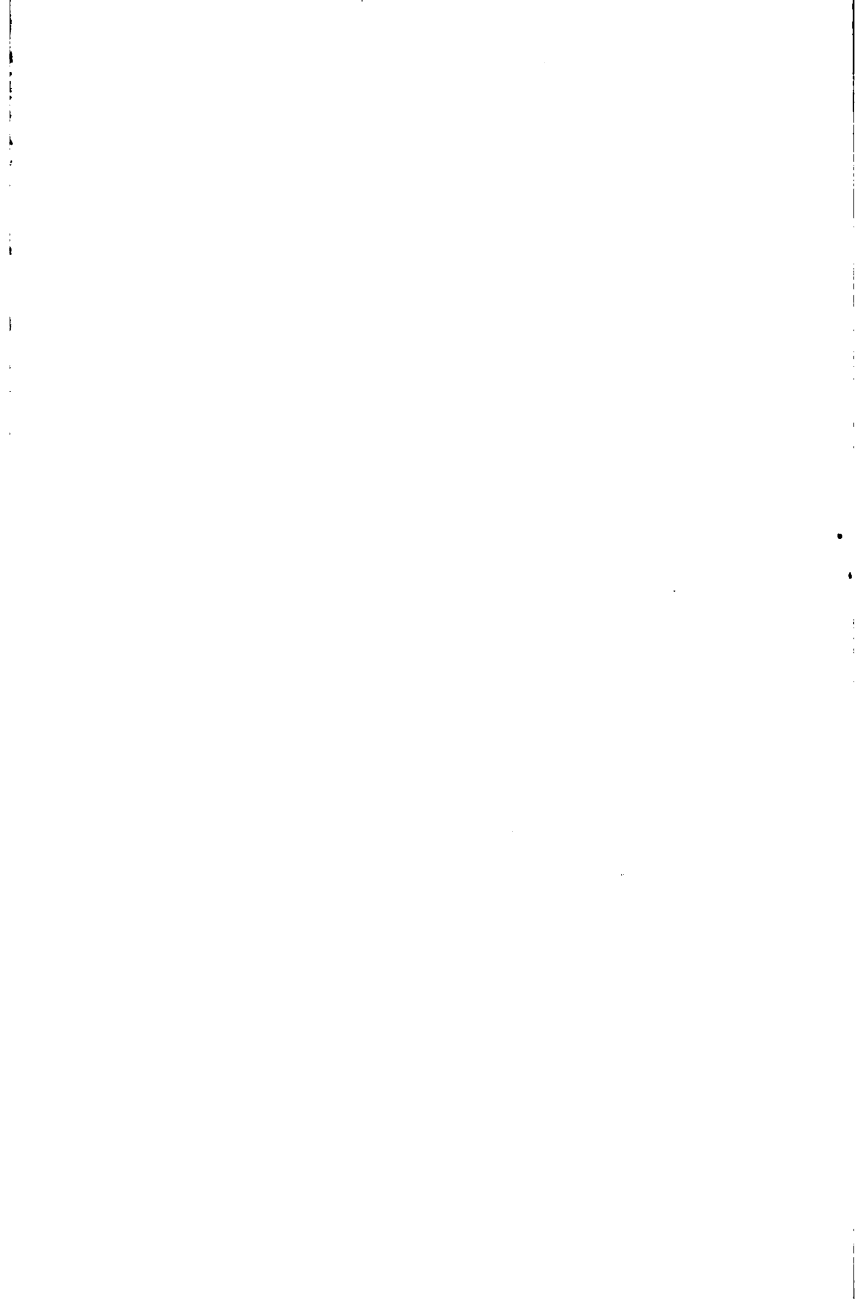
God's Making.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The huge-wrought, sinew-guarded veins
And arteries that gird the world and
spread
The blood of melting snows and myriad
rains,
Peak-garnered from the cloudy foun-
tain head.

THE PRAIRIE.

An inland sea of acres broad, and where
The undulating grassy billows leap
Exultantly ; and far away, and fair,
A schooner braves the mystic, West-
ern deep.



God's Making.

THE SEA.

Thou art the vast and pulsing heart of
earth,

Twice daily swelled in adoration of
The sun and moon, and thy emotion's
birth

Betrays Earth's inmost calms and
storms of love.

THE SKY.

The forehead dome of Mother Nature
thou,

Whereon her smiles and cloud-black
frowns are wrought

Unceasingly ; and Night above thy brow
Strews diadems inspiring upward
thought.

The Indian Summer.

God's jewel days! His flawless jewel
days

That flash in diamond and in ruby rays
And golden topaz tints, and each and all
Bright polished on the sharp frost-wheel
of Fall.

The Jelly-Fish.

A dainty—soft, impalpable caress,
Transparent, tinged with rain-bow
tints, and this
Tide-launched to nestle in a Sea-
Nymph's tress,
For lo! 'tis love-sick Neptune's wave-
lorn kiss.

Life's Attributes.

THE MIND.

God-planted light whose rays, dispelling
Doubt,

Illume the paths and days of age and
youth.

But oh ! if e'er 'tis dimmed, or—worse
—put out,

What piteous wrecks drift far and far
from Truth.

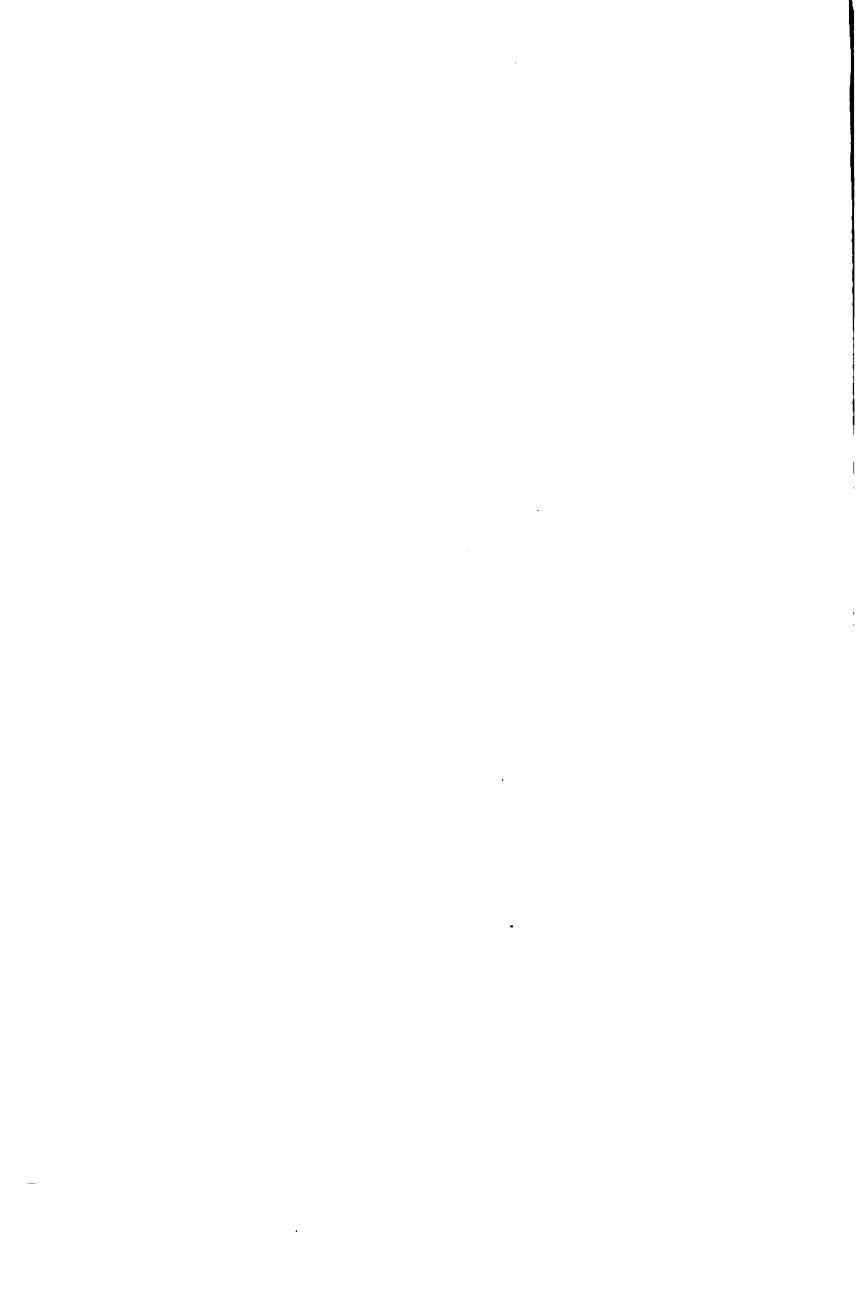
THE HEART.

A garden spot where orchids, like to
Love,

By gaudy weeds are always choked for
room,

But Gard'ner Conscience, standing all
above,

Can always say which dies and which
shall bloom.



Life's Attributes.

THE SOUL.

A hopeful, clinging Plant that every day
Starts forth afresh, its roots in human
sod,
And ever nears its bloss'ming;—'tis a
stray
And wind-blown seed—a very germ of
God.

LOVE.

Not anything of lust and greed and fire,
But balm of gentleness untold, and
whole
Unselfishness,—aye, infinitely higher—
The Pollen from the blossoms of the
Soul!

The Flood.

'Tis said that all was wrong ;—mayhap
'twas fears

Of worse to come God had, who saw
the plights ;

And then He drowned the whole in
mighty tears—

For lo ! He wept for forty days and
nights.

To-Day.

Return to earth, oh Jesus Christ ! for
here

Is vastest need of miracle divine ;

Speak Thou Thy word o'er reeking
floods of wine

And turn them back to water, pure and
clear !

Two Goddesses We Make.

SATIETY.

Faustina gorged, her lips and eyes in-
flamed,
Hands goblet after goblet, cloyed with
wine,
Until her glutton victim's sense is
maimed,
And manly hunger, sotted, falls supine.

MODERATION.

Octavia, earthly spark of Heavenly
fire,
Dispenses nectar drop by drop, and
they,
The thirsty souls that drink—and know
Desire—
Climb ever Fountainward the lofty
way.



Effort.

The Plain of Mediocrity is wide,
Its fruits grow cheap and green beneath the sun,
But oh ! bethink, before you there abide,
The *best* is always waiting to be won !

Poetry.

Like summer-seeking birds that cross
the skies
In mile-high flocks, ten thousand
poems wing
Athwart the vault of thought ; and upward flies
My arrowed pen, and fells—one tiny,
wounded, trembling thing.



Sonnets.



Eternity.

THE HEART.

Oh! had I in my hands the power to
make

Or choose the great Beyond which
death will bring;

To fix the compensation for the sting
Of Life, what endless heaven would I
take?

Why not a blossom be, and care forsake,
And love forever, like a perfume, fling
To saddened hearts; to make the
children sing

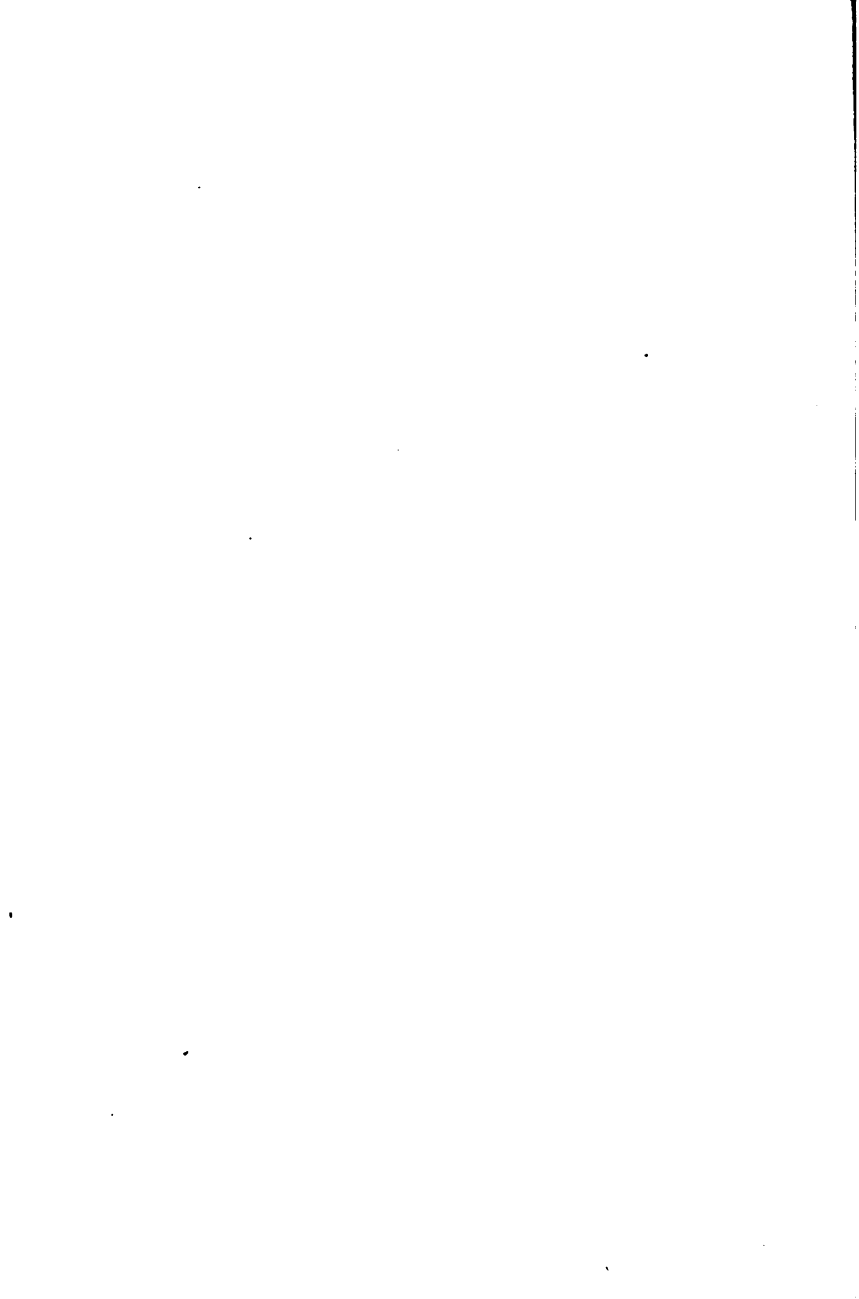
And laugh; and oh! to see a joy awake
In sunken, weary eyes; to greet the
morn

With dewy smiles; to glad some desert
spot

Where tired feet must tread; to
ever be

In matchless loveliness returned—reborn;
To always live and love—oh were
this not

A peaceful, sweet and bright
Eternity?



Eternity.

THE MIND.

Alas, though sweet and much, this is
not all
That heavenly joy could be, could I
but choose;
For, drifted on the storm, the flowers
lose
Their path and may 'mid ugly briars
fall;
And, always on the ground, their joy
must pall.
No, let me as a bird with morning's
dews
Arise each lovely day, and let the
muse
Of rapturous song be in my heart to
call
Forth joy and life in every woeful breast;
Give me the wings, volition's slaves,
to bear
Me ever where the summer's day
may be.
What though I've knowledge none,
'twill be a rest
To lay the burden down; in God's
sweet air
To live and sing for all Eternity.

Eternity.

THE SOUL.

Oh blissful, only Heaven! not birds nor
flowers

Art thou, nor selfish joy, nor harps,
nor gold.

Thou art of meekness and of love
untold—

Unknown, unpracticed in this vale of
showers,

And far beyond these darkened lives of
ours.

Oh grant to me when death shall next
unfold

The binding husks, a heart no longer
cold,

And send me back, but not to Summer
bowers

Nor happiness, but let me come again

To earth with soul so great that
suffering

Is joy, and here, 'mid deepest misery
Of struggling little children, women,
men,

Let me relieve, partake of everything,
Until I shall deserve Eternity.

A Woman.

Maid she was not, as years decree, but,
 deep

 Within, her heart was maiden young,
 for so

 Hearts ever were and are; nor did
 she know

What pangs and loves a mother's soul
 may keep.

No wife she was, nor sister, and her sleep

 Ne'er brought a dream of times when,
 long ago,

 She held a daughter's place and
 shared young woe

With one whose eyes could smile or
 sweetly weep

In sympathy; but God, in whispering
 wind,

 Had called her Daughter, and, with
 soul abloom,

 She made herself a Sister to the
 tried

And spent; nor ceased until for human
 kind

 She lived a Mother's life, and ban-
 ished gloom,

 And lo! Joy made her Wife before
 she died.



Sonnets.



The Spirit of Christmas.

Again the old, young day that gave to
earth

The Man embodying the Godliness
That's in us all; again the day we
bless

For charities and gifts and hours of
mirth.

But oh, before the year that gave Him
birth,

The world—that heeded sorrow, knew
distress—

Possessed its heavenly gift, for noth-
ing less

It had in mothers, sisters, wives, whose
worth

Is scarce conceded. Yet they labor on,
Performing miracles whose daily pain
Puts death to shame. And when I see
them triced

On home-made crosses from the dawn
to dawn,

Enduring all, and less in sun than
rain,

I say, *the world is full of Jesus
Christ!*



'Twas Kadiga Was Great.

Mohammed, with a mind God-budded,
wise

While yet but spring-time's leafy
hours he wore,

Wed Kadiga, his elder by a score
Of years, and she, whose clear prophetic eyes

Saw deep, gave autumn fruits that he
might rise;

And she alone a mother's anguish
bore,

Of all his wives. In later years, while
sore

With jealousy, Ayesha, false, with
sighs,

Said, "Kadiga was old, 'twas well she
died,"

But oh his tears rebuked the speech.
Said he,

"My only mate she was—my dear-
est Fate

That gave me strength and soul, and at
my side

She lives; in everything she guided
me—

*Oh Kadiga ! 'twas thou wert truly
great !"*

Sympathy.

Within a glen, a pine—perhaps too
proud—

Stood towering up, and lowly plants
that crept

Grew all aloof. One night the hill
was swept

By mighty breaths of Jove, and then
aloud

Broke forth his cannon-voice and from
a cloud

His bolt, air-rending, terrifying, leapt
To smite the tree, and when the
heavens wept

They laved a riven trunk which, shat-
tered, cowed,

Shook fearfully. Late came the morn,
but bright

It shone, all menace gone. And lo!
the vines,

The timid, loving vines, approach to
see

And climb and kiss the wounds and
hide from sight

The lightning-blasted torse, and each
entwines

And clings through storm and
shine in Sympathy.

The Obelisk in Central Park.

Transplanted thing of days and peoples
dead

And gone, how full of mystic dignity
Thou art ; how hard and long and
stubbornly

Thy granite holds thy signs, which not
the tread

Of mighty Time stamps out ;—and yet,
the thread

Of occult writings once engraved on
thee

Is broke, for on that side which knew
no lee

From constant—biting winds, a single
shred

Of deep-cut things remains. Perhaps
that side

Was wrought with idols vain, a crude
array

That mocked at heav'n and all the
truths that be—;

And then the sands of Him swirled
fierce to chide,

And plane the carvings off—as if
He'd say,

*“Thou shalt not have another God
than Me!”*



Stone and Soul.

(On seeing the picture : "Napoleon before the Sphinx.")

Behold great Bonaparte as there he
stands

And gazes on the Sphinx, whose soli-
tude

No vaster than his own can be ; whose
rude

Rough-sculptured mystery, half hid in
sands,

Lonerival is to his; whose face commands
A fellowship with all this awesome
mood

By ages gone bequeathed ; and there
its nude

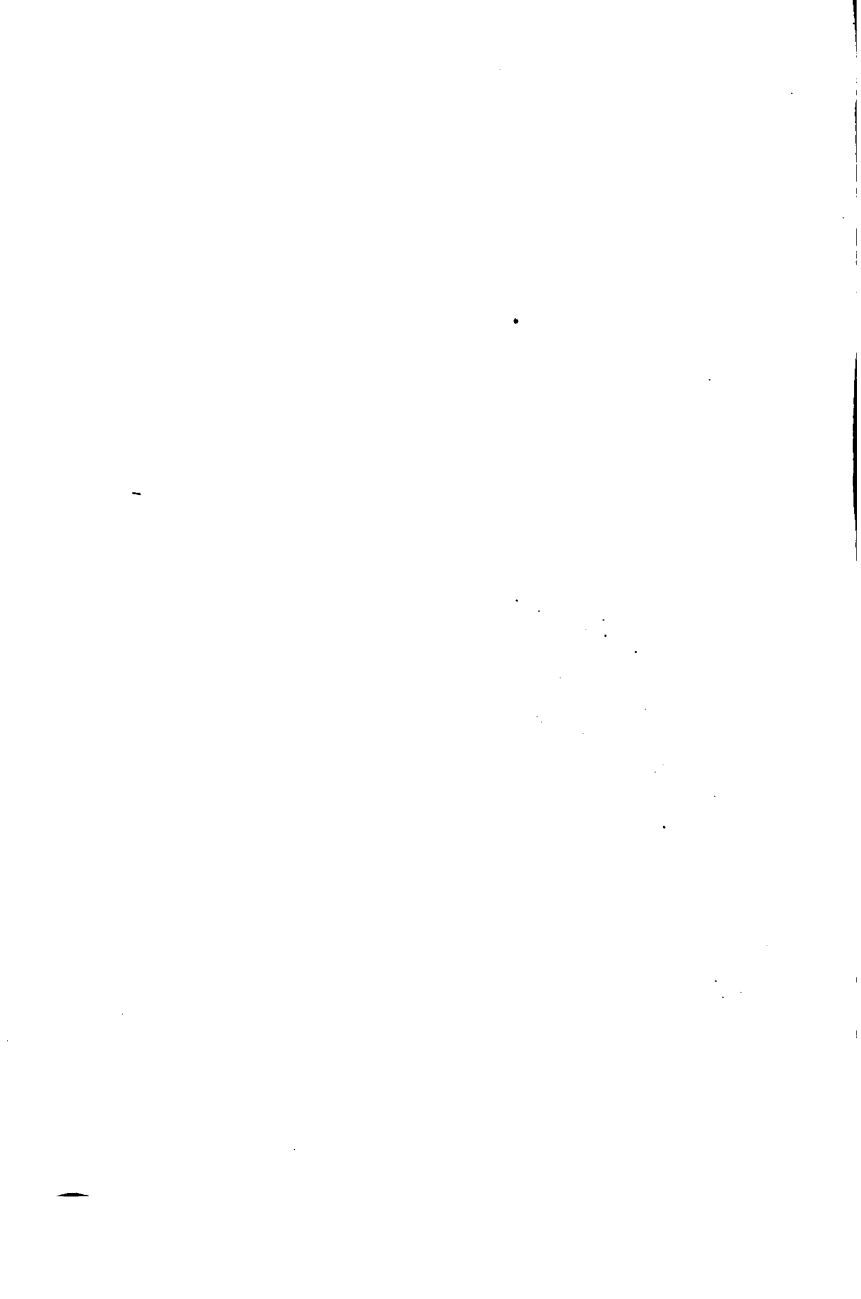
Hewn paws extend in welcome to his
hands.

Oh wondrous pile and mighty, that defies
The sand-toothed blast, and Time's
austere attack!

Thou shalt dissolve and crumble
down to dust,

Ere age shall touch that Soul that
through the skies

Of great eternity goes gladly back,
Refined and chaste, to God and
Love and Trust.



The Sacrificed.

Incessant Sea, I hear you pound and
pound

Upon your shores of sharp, unyielding
stones,

And hear your mighty roar, your
sobbing moans,

As wave on wave 'gainst jagged cliff is
ground.

And churned to foam. Yea, too, I hear
the sound

Of anguish-smitten men whose million
bones

Are smashed and wrecked on Doubt;
and naught atones

For Individual woes—yet all are bound
To break, as waves, and do their meager
mite

For one grand common good. And
look! behold!

The granite's edge is rounded by the
tooth

Of unrelenting seas that day and night
Grind on; and Doubt, the grim, the
dark, the cold,

By Thought is worn—and under-
neath is *Truth*.



Let There Be Light.

Long distant times apart there came to
Earth
A Buddha and a Christ, and these, to
save
The peoples groping there, their wis-
dom gave
And lives. And now again a mighty
dearth
Of goodness reigns, and greed and lust
have birth
Of Ignorance—than which no greater
knave
E'er stalked abroad or held as help-
less slave
The Soul of Man. Oh God! what is
the worth
Of all the creeds which ever fail to
reach
The multitudes in darkness? Make
the blaze
Of education scatter wide the night,
That we may not to senseless sinners
preach!
O Thou, the Great, Almighty One,
upraise
Thy voice again and cry, "*Let
There be Light!*"

The Sun.

"The Sun has set," we sigh, "and
oh! 'tis drear
And chill, and night comes down,"—
or else we say
"Behold it rise in purple mists, and
day
Spread far and soft and bright!" Suns
do appear
To rise and set, but oh! they're shining
clear
And always bright—'tis Earth that
turns away
And makes its bleak and then, anon,
its gay
Warm hours and days. Thus too,
though joy be near
And steadfast in its gleams, we turn
and turn
And get its beams where shadows
gloomed before;
But all the while, behind, a darkness
lies
To blend its edge with light's, and
though we yearn
To have on every side our sunshine
pour,
It must be best as 'tis, for God is
wise.

God's Voice.

Vast space—unsearched, forbidding, full
of dread
And mystery—affrighted very light ;
And cavern glooms were fountain
heads of night
And awesomeness ; and e'en the pulsing
tread
Of Time came not—a region for the
dead
Of universes 'twas, whose dreary
plight
Originated misery and blight
Of hopes, and doubt, but when all
hope was fled
Behold! a sound vibrating through the
air,
Exploring inmost cells—which naught
before
Had reached—shook atoms down
with deafening jars,
And piled them hugely, mass on mass,
and there,
When Sound had finished, chaos was
no more,
For lo! God's voice it was, creating
stars !



Rondeaux.

A Thousand Years Ago.

RONDEAU.

A thousand years ago and thou and I,
Who loved each other then and knew
not why,
Were thrust apart, and in my place
stood he,
Who, blind to all of Fate's affinity,
Possessed thee, caged—a bird denied
the sky.

I saw the eons pass, the centuries die,
And waited; well I knew the mystic tie
Of Love would last that bound both
you and me
A thousand years ago.

And now our Union-Time the gods
supply;
'Twas worth the patience, worth the
while to vie
With Time, but wer't not yet for
years to be,
So much I love that I would wait for
thee
As once before I did—with just a sigh—
A thousand years ago.

I Would Not Have Thee Change:

RONDEAU.

I would not have thee change a single
way
Of thine, howbeit, if or sad or gay
Or set to mystic strains that bind me
o'er
And o'er again—nay, though thy
power is more
And subtler far than that of elfin fay.

And when thine eyes express the gen-
tlest nay
To hasteful love, and bid it trembling
stay
And quietly approach the sacred
door—
I would not have thee change.

For oh! dear heart! it seems as if a ray
Of brightness rare thou art, and this,
the day
You let me come within thy heart to
pour
My love, I'm lifted up to almost soar
With thee and from my inmost soul I
say,
I would not have thee change.

The Velvet of Thy Hands.

RONDEAU.

The velvet of thy hands, as chaste as
snow,
But warm and soft and all with health
aglow,
Enchants me quite; small wonder
that in bliss
I hold them both, nor deem it comes
amiss
To touch, caress them, tenderly and
slow.

No fabrics done in silks, no downs that
blow
From wings of bees, as zephyr tossed
they go
The orchard blossoms through, com-
pares with this—
The velvet of thy hands.

The Velvet of Thy Hands.

And on the night when first I found
them so,

Ethralled I stood and bended down,
and oh !

They throbbed so gently 'neath the
lingering kiss ;

And now 'twould plunge me deep in
woe's abyss

If thou shouldst say I must not touch
nor know

The velvet of thy hands.



The Dawn That's In Thine Eyes.

RONDEAU.

The dawn that's in thine eyes, ah gently
bright,
Breaks forth and floods thy cheeks with
rosy light
And tints of pink, and leaves the
softest gray
In dimple nooks and 'neath thy chin
to play
In winsomeness that charms my linger-
ing sight.

Then Love, like birds that sweetest songs
indite
To morning's birth, sings forth with all
its might
To plead and plead thou wilt not turn
away
The dawn that's in thine eyes.

The Dawn That's In Thine Eyes.

For now my soul's awake and wings its
flight

To compass what thy sunshine smiles
invite ;

And when it seems as if Life's golden
day

Had lost, in clouds, its hope-inspiring
ray,

I look and see—outsmiling gloom or
night—

The dawn that's in thine eyes.

Thy Regal Heart.

RONDEAU.

Thy regal heart, which I have dared to
woo,

Sways such a gentle power and subtly
new,

That I, republican, am wrought to fall
On bended knee, and there to offer all
My liberties to monarchy—in you.

Strange scepter is it that can thus undo
My precepts hard and furnish me, in lieu,
A plot to build a throne and there
install

Thy regal heart.

But, dear, I love the change. I love the
view

Thy ways have opened, and I'll gladly
strew

The way with blooms that leads within
thy hall,—

But I'll conspire that you one day
shall call

A consort to the throne that's built unto
Thy regal heart.

There's No Escape.

RONDEAU.

There's no escape for me, for thine
Are charms that all my love entwine,
And bid it linger close to thee,
As zephyrs do to meadow lee—
As sighs do to the swaying pine.

'Tis Heaven rules ; should you consign
My love to torture, keen and fine,
'Twould linger, wounded, constantly—
There's no escape.

But, dear, thy wooing heart benign,
Love-haloed, is a mercy shrine
At which I kneel on willing knee,
And naught can part the chain on me ;
Not even death can break the line.
There's no escape.

The Night We Traded Rings.

For since that time thy voice is in mine
ear,

And something passed that lingers
sweetly here

Within my soul—for oh! the things
it heard!

And, though we dared not breathe the
tingling word,

'Twas hearts we gave, thine own con-
fessed it, dear,

The night we traded rings.

She Sings of Love.

RONDEAU.

She sings of love, ah yes, and deems it
fair

To choose a wooing, sentimental air
When Harry comes to call ; but oh !
to hear

The sad, sad things—alas, that bring
no tear—

She sings for those for whom she does
not care.

Yea, too, and songs of war, until the
hair

Is like to stand, and suitors hardly dare
To breathe ; and then, oh strange !
when Harry's near

She sings of love.

Perhaps 'tis chance some songs should
bring despair,

She Sings of Love.

While cooing things reach forth and
hearts ensnare,

Who knows? Mayhap 'tis subtle art,
and dear.

But, after all, there's only this that's
clear,

Though war she sings at some, when
Harry's there
She sings of love.

She Reads His Note.

RONDEAU.

She reads his note and smiles, and in
her eye

Is twinkling light, while tints all pink
and shy

Arise to warm her cheeks; you'd
think that he

Had penned exceeding well if you
could see

Her tuck the note away and turn to fly

Adown the curving orchard path, where
lie

Sweet petals dipped in pink, the maiden
shy

Slips quite alone, and then, all blush-
ingly,

She reads his note.

The butterflies and bees and birds
know why



She Reads His Note.

Her slender hands keep wandering up
to pry
The portals o'er her heart. Is love
the key
That solves the maiden's wondrous
mystery?
Who knows? The fiftieth time, with
heartsome sigh,
She reads his note.

She Answered Yes.

RONDEAU.

She answered yes, although no word
she said

Nor whispered shyly, but her nodded
head

And gleaming eyes were eloquent of
thought

And sweet consent, while on her lips
was nought

But smiling yes, that came and coyly
fled,

The while her hands, in his, dear an-
swer sped

Straight to his heart; and then, with
sighs instead

Of words, to own herself as caught,
She answered yes.

* * * * *

He wins, yet now he stands with half-
real dread

She Answered Yes.

To beg a kiss, to which all-trembling led
His faltering words, and then, by
Cupid taught,
Love's gentlest plea has coaxed the
boon he sought,
For—well—dear maid, with lips all
blushing red,
She answered yes.

When Baby Smiles.

RONDEAU.

When baby smiles 'tis dainty, faint—a
stray,

Soft dawn of mirth to come—but elders
say

'Tis not a smile at all, and laugh to
see

The mother try to coax and woo the
wee,

Dim sign that may not come again all
day.

But then her eyes, that watch the hours
away,

More keenly see; and, oh, the lovesome
play

That 'twixt the two goes blithsomenly
When baby smiles.

And when at last 'tis sure the elfin fay
Has really learned, why, then it is that
they

When Baby Smiles.

Who doubted most are generously
free
With tribute kisses, and on tireless
knee
The household bends, and all are
sweetly gay,
When baby smiles.

When Baby Learns to Kiss.

RONDEAU.

When baby learns to kiss and puts her
sweet

Dear puckered little mouth right up to
meet

An older one, 'tis like a bud might
rise

To woo the honey-seeking butterflies,
And with the older velvet blooms com
pete;

'Tis like the winsome tread of fairy's
neat

And dainty-touching, blush-compelling
feet

Upon a sunny beam athwart the skies,
When baby learns to kiss.

And like it is to dewy touch, so fleet,
Of dawn that flushes in her East retreat;
For lo, 'tis softly shy and fairy size,
And wet as lips of nectar-strewing
skies;

And mamma's joy is boundless and
complete

When baby learns to kiss.

Miscellaneous.

I Dreameo of Love.

I dreamed that on a hill serenest Night
Descended, and she gently bore away
Her dearest sister, Twilight, in her
 arms,
And over all the place she calmly took
The sleeper's post to watch for coming
 dawn.
Her million hosts of fairies lightly
 tripped
From out the scented bushes and the
 trees ;
Or stepped with dainty tread from many
 flowers
Till all were come together in the grass.
The tiny Queen, whose harshest sum-
 mons scarce
Seemed half as loud as sleeping linnet's
 sweet
And flutt'ring note within her happy
 heart,
Was gaily answered by a thousand
 slaves

I Dreamed of Love.

Whose only bonds were friendship's
 silken cords ;
And these illumed their lamps and,
 skimming o'er
The reaching, longing petals and the
 fays,
They lighted up the wondrous grassy
 halls
Where all could dance to crickets' cheer-
 ful tunes.
Then came the blushing moon, all rosy
 red,
To peep above the fragrant elms and
 oaks
That stood as silhouetted guards above
The elf-lit scene. And thou wert at my
 side,
Thy hand almost in mine, thy blushes
 warm—
Oh so inviting to my yearning lips ;
And sat we two—perhaps 'twas proph-
 ecy—
Upon the steps that easy made the way
Within a little chapel-house that rose

I Dreamed of Love.

Above the lovesome earth.

So this, the prelude first
Was witching fair to see; but then it
seemed

The inky woods outstretched their
beck'ning arms

And took my soul to darkness, doubt-
fulness,

And lured my erring heart with weirdly
grave

Enchantment, potent, subtle; all the
while

The whispering leaves and branches
overhead

Were plotting darksomenly the moon to
hide;

And down below the tangled, hugging
vines,

With gnomish ways, tripped up my
trembling feet.

Thus sombre, gruesome, full of mys-
tery,

With strange misgivings fraught, this
place

I Dreamed of Love.

Absorbed the whole of Faith and bred
Despair.

Once more the level fields, the jewelled
grass,
The faithful flying lamps that show the
way
Through all the little caverns in the
ground—
Wherein, though small, the blackness is
intense
As any in the wood; and there I prayed,
“Oh, may we never have an ebon Care—
A cavern full of gloom, of trouble,
doubt—
So large but that the single cheerful
ray
Of just one tiny, glowing, flashing fly
May drive it far away—dispelled and
gone—
And in its place be Light and Faith
and Love.”

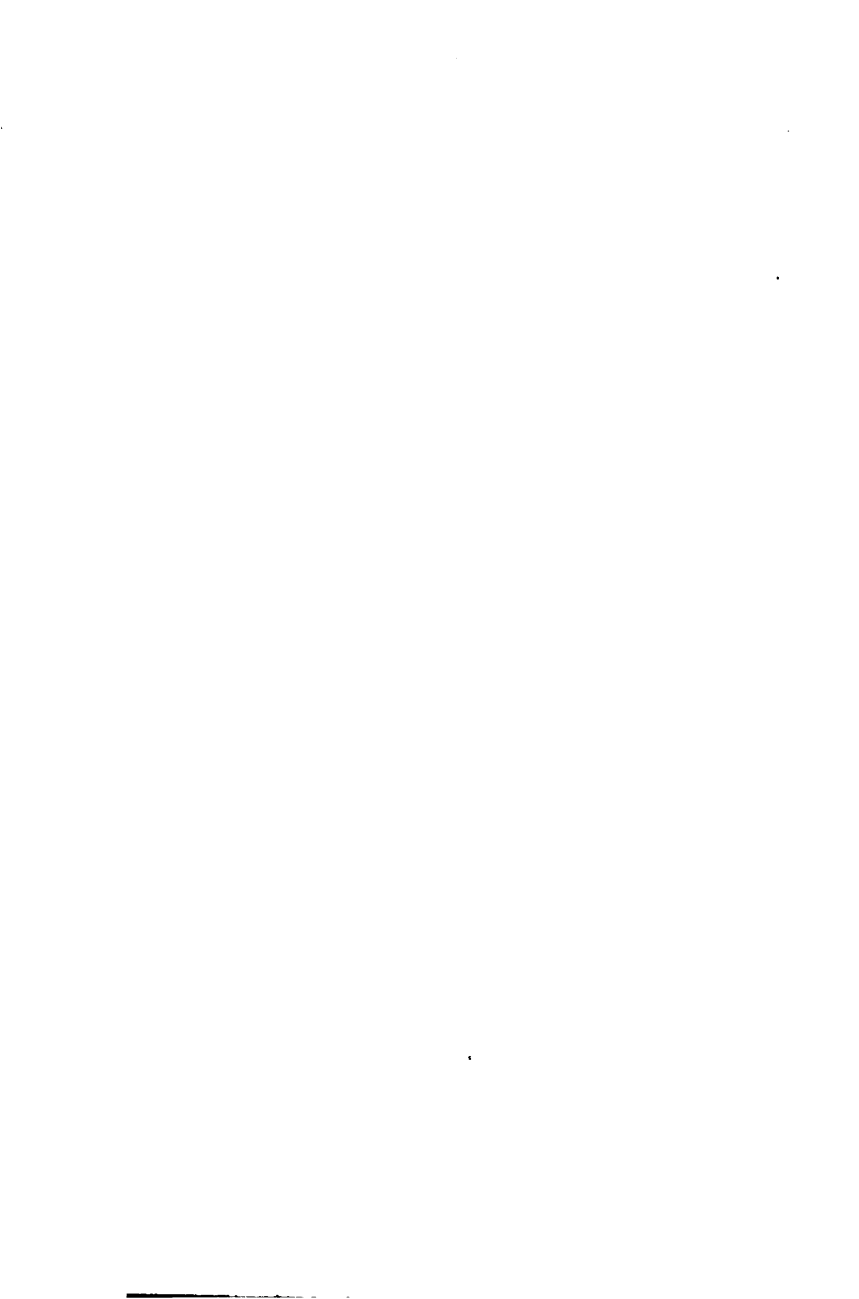


The Organ's Love.

'Tis in the dusk, the sunlight's glow
Falls softly, tinged with red and gold ;
The stillness, sanctified and old,
Is hardly touched and yet I know
It is my love whose gentle tread
Glides by the patches gold and red ;
My love it is, whose glances soft,
Precede her to my dingy loft.

She comes—sad little heart is she
Who brings her sighs and tears to me ;
Who brings her soul to let it free
With inspiration's symphony ;
 To weave sublime
 Enchanting rhyme ;
To give her being up to mine ;
To conjure melodies divine.

She touches on my dearest notes
And far away the sobbing floats,
And, rising, falling, all the wails
More tenderly than lovers' tales
Ebb forth and, trembling on the air,



The Organ's Love.

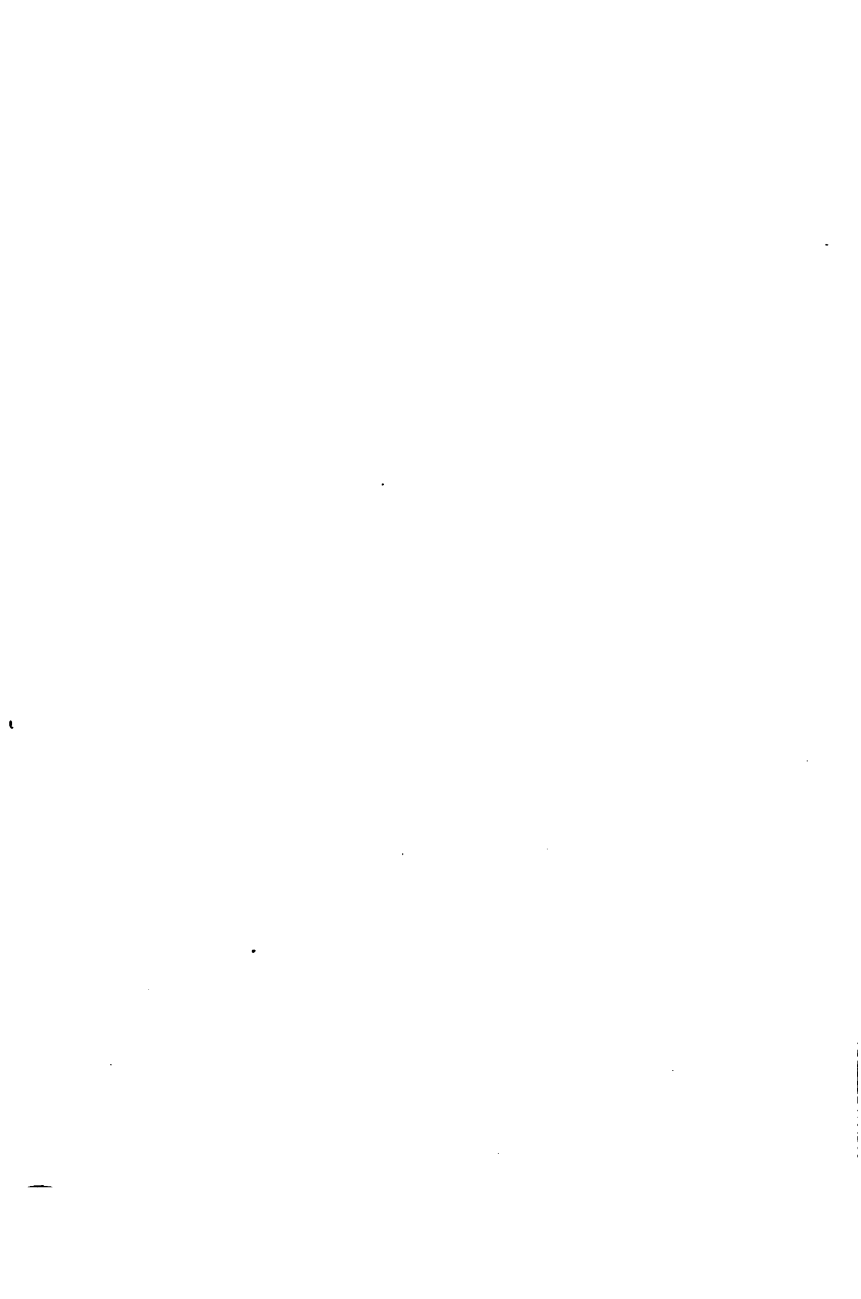
Plead plaintively. It is my heart
Pulsating wildly to her there.

She knows it, yet she does not start,
Nor take her fingers, soft and white,
From off my quivering keys. The
night

And darkness fail to dim her sight
Or drag her soul and mine apart.

She leans and sways and every tone
Of mine is more and more her own,
And hers are mine, until the theme
Of all my loving, like a dream,
Steals on her sense; and now I seem
To pour the love that's in the strain
Into her willing ears. Her brain
No longer rules the lofty train
Of passion's rhyme, but it is I,
Controlling her, who breathes the sigh
Of love's resistless ecstasy.

Then with a lover's mighty strength
I fill the sanctum full of love,
More deep, more holy, till at length
It vibrates all—below, above;



The Organ's Love.

And deeper, deeper, deeper still
It seems the sacred place to fill
With harmony sublime. And more
Tremendous, lifting, pure it swells,
As if 'twould break through every door
And barrier to souls. It wells
From every reed and breath, from all
My being, and from wall to wall
The whole vast volume crowds around
Her form—each note a circling arm
Embracing her—each chord and sound
Enticing forth her soul with charm
Hypnotic. Ah such awful power,
In such a place, at such an hour!

Too great! too much! her little face
Sinks forward on the keys; the place
Re-echoes with a lonely chord—
The last of all that mighty horde—
It seeks her heart, and there at rest
Is nestled in her sleeping breast.

The Night Skater.

Oh! the smooth black ice, the mysterious
black,

And the clink of my runners of steel,
And the boom and the crack that go
echoing back,

And the swiftness of wind that I feel
As I glide like a shade
Through the air that's afraid
To follow behind on my track !

Oh! the star-lit black, the mysterious
glass,

The magnet that clinks on the steel,
And the dead, frosted grass and the
trees as I pass

Crane forward to witness the zeal
Of my race with the sound
That goes booming around,
Like the ghostly huzzas of the mass.

Oh! the deep black ice, the mysterious
black,

And the clink of the steel as I go,
And the boom and the crack that come
echoing back

Like the voices of gnomes down be-
low!

And the Future's the shade
That's before, and dismayed
Is the Past that's behind on my track !

God's Sun.

A dreary, cold, wet morn ;
No smile in Nature's face ;
No song of sweet-voiced birds ;
No happiness is born.

Young flowers droop and die,
Die pining for the sun
That will not shine to-day
To warm the cheerless air,
The morning damp and gray.

My heart is sad, and pain
Is in its lifeless throb ;
No love nor joy is there ;
Its tears in silence rain.
Its dearest hopes seem dead.
Dead, waiting for the sun
Companionship could bring,
Which will not come to-day
To ask my soul to sing.

But ah ! God's sun will shine ;
The clouds will waste away ;
Despair and chill depart ;
The song and love be mine.
Glad Summer's days and Fate's
Will bring the flowers and birds,
Will bring—He wills they must—
Contentment, soulful peace,
Complete, confiding trust.

Pre-Emption.

Say, do you hope to make your mark
Upon her heart so soft and fair?
Set up your post in that sweet park,
A warning 'gainst men treading there?

For if you do I ought to tell
That such a thing can never be.
The fact is—and it's just as well—
Her heart's already marked—for me.

All About It.

All about it will I tell thee ;
 Thou hast seen
 All the sheen
Of the lake beneath the kiss
 Of the moon ;
 Or at noon
Thou hast seen the ardent rays of the
 sun
 Bring a blush
 And a flush
On the ripples as they run ;
 More than this
 Thou hast won,
 Dear, from me.

All about it will I tell thee ;
 Thou hast known
 How alone
Is the mateless nightingale ;
 How at night,
 In its plight,



All About It.

It has sighed its mournful note in the
tree ;
How the hill
And the rill
Echoed low in sympathy ;
Deeper tales,
Plaintively,
Sigh from me.

All about it will I tell thee ;
Thou hast heard
Every bird,
In its mating, sing of love ;
Thou hast pressed
To thy breast
Roses wild, breathing love ere they die,
When a bee,
Buzzingly,
Brings another's pollen sigh ;—
All above
These am I,
Loving thee.



The Wedding Ring.

Blushing and flushing, a bride of a day—
Tingling with altar-felt throbbings
that sing
Sweet in her bosom—entranced by the
ray
That dances about on her plain
golden ring,
Soft kisses the emblem of love; and it
gleams,
And Dawn-light of sacredness warms in
its beams.

Smiling, a wife, half years over the
way,
Tingling with mother-felt throbbings
that sing
Sweet in her bosom—made glad by the
ray
That dances about on her plain, golden
ring—
Soft kisses the emblem of love; and it
seems

The Wedding Ring.

That Noon-beams of sacredness warm
in its gleams.

Sighing, a grandmother, Time-kissed
and gray—

Tingling with mem'ry-felt throbbings
that sing

Faintly but sweetly—is warmed by the
ray

That sparkles undimmed on her worn
golden ring,

And kisses the emblem of love; and it
beams,

And Sunset of sacredness glows in its
gleams.

Oh wholesome, finger-clasping band of
guardian gold,

All unadorned, thine atoms, virgin
pure,

Time-burnished, gleam with warmth
that grows not old

And teach the way that loving should
endure!

An Olden Memory Came.

The warm and ruddy glow,
Where the coals were burning low
 In the grate,
Was cheerful, warming, kind
To my lone and bach'lor mind
 Grown sedate,
So I sat; and then it seemed—
Or perhaps I may have dreamed—
 'Twas the bloom
And the tint a fairy fay
Brought to scatter dark away
 From the room.

An olden mem'ry then
Came within my soul again,
 Where it stayed;
For there climbed upon my chair
A youngster bright and fair,
 And we played.
I could feel her chubby form
Cuddling, confident and warm,
 To my breast,
And I felt the pleasure race
To my cheek, whereon her face
 Gently pressed.



An Olden Memory Came.

Then she said she'd like to "yide
On a horsey," so we tried

On the rug ;

For I got upon my knees
And my hands, and quite at ease—

With a hug—

She clung astride my back,
And with such a winsome whack

Said "Go 'long."

Oh, we romped an hour away
And her laughter was a gay,

Chuckling song.

And the joy her "horsey" felt,
As he pranced around and knelt

At commands,

Was innocent and deep
And he longed his lips to keep

On her hand.

"Baby seepy," then she said,
And she nestled close her head

To my chin,

Where I held her close, the while
My heart with boundless smile

Beat within.

Then the lashes of her eyes
Drew the portals close with ties

Soft as silk,

An Olden Memory Came.

While a smile came in to float
All above her dainty throat
 White as milk.
Oh! I couldn't help but kiss
Her petal cheek, but this
 Broke the charm,
For I felt her strangely fade
Like an evanescent shade
 From my arm ;

Then I—well—perhaps, awoke,
And its likely that I spoke
 To the air,
For my arms felt oddly light
And empty ; But the night
 Didn't care.
It had taken back the kind
Cheerful things and left my mind
 More sedate—
Taken, too, the ruddy glow,
Leaving ashes cold as snow
 On the grate.

The Bachelor Song.

Heigho, heigho—a bachelor song ?

Why, yes, I'll sing one, gay and filled
With all the fun we have, and long
'Twill never be. Let's see; we're
thrilled

With daily joys of being free
From household cares and nursery,
And wives—hold on ; I've seen a few
Dear souls who really ought to do
As helpful mates—and youngsters,
too.

Why bless you, there is nothing quite
So sure to dim my hardened sight
As just to have some little child
Climb trustfully upon my knee
And pat my face and look with mild
Confiding eyes on lonely me—
Some lucky daddy's tot ; and when
I leave his cheerful hearth and go
And sit within my bachelor den,
'Tis then I sing the song—heigho !

The Men Who Live Alone.

Ho, ho, ha, ha, the jolly men
Who live alone—why yes
We have our homes, that is, I guess
The rest adopt a den
That's like to mine, and have a place—
Up high sometimes, you know—
But that's a splendid thing to brace
A fellow up who's slow
At climbing; and they're not too small
Nor yet too large. Now mine
Is snug and warm, except when all
The oil's burned out, and fine.
But, say, my view across the street
Is—well—disturbing;—nay,
Not quite so bad, because it's sweet
And good, but every day,
Or evening, I can look across,
Through windows clear and bright,
And see a father romp and toss
His youngsters in the light
That glows from out his fire, and see
His wife look smiling on
And kiss the babies lovingly,
Until—the picture's gone.
They pull the curtain down and then
I'm cheerful as a stone,
And laugh, ha ha, the jolly men
Who live in "rooms," alone.

A Bachelor Toast.

How now, a toast, from bachelor lips
To please the bride who sweetly slips

The golden Hymen kiss upon
Her tingling finger? Be it so;
May garland words all smoothly flow
To weave a blessing of to use

To crown her with, for lo, 'tis won
This lovesome day. Then in a glass

Of clearest water, bright and pure,
I'll pledge her happiness, nor pass

The words in wine, for springs endure
When grapes are dry of joy. I toast
Whatever joy is innermost

Within her heart—the joy that she
In secret keeps full sacredly

For husband eyes. And may its shrine

Be petal-hid by blooms of love
That thrive anear a heart and twine

Like gentlest arms, around, above
And all about. And always may
The melody that throbs to-day—
The heart duet—that, blended fair,



A Bachelor Toast.

Goes forth, one song, upon the air—
Ring crystal clear; and be it told
Till all the sands of Time are old!

O altar stars celestial! bless
The rightness and the wholesomeness
Of wed-locked pairs! make joy divine
Within their souls, as once in mine
I thought to have—for lo, 'tis good
To save a man from bachelorhood!



Ten Fingers.

With a cute little trot
Went a brown little tot,
O'er bubbling and crowing with glee,
And up to her throat
Came a wee furry coat,
And hugging her tight as could be.
In her pink little hand
Was a finger, and tanned
Quite dark—or at least, so I thought—
But 'twas papa's, and so
She just clasped it as though
Great fingers too rarely are caught.

And I lingered and walked
On behind as they talked
And laughed ; and I envied the coat—
The brown one so snug—
And I envied the hug
That it gave from her heels to her throat.
Then I looked at my own
Biggish hands, that have known
So little of love's wholesome clasp,
And behold, there are ten
Lonesome fingers, but then
What tot would a one of them grasp?

The Glow in the Grate.

Oh no, we do not want the light
To drive the shadows forth to-night,
To battle with the wind.
Come sit with me before the glow
That's in the grate and watch the show
Upon the walls defined.
How cosy warm it seems before
The ruddy coals that 'cross the floor
Throw shifting, blushing beams!
And list the low and purring hum
That seems to go and gently come,
Inviting lovesome dreams.

Upon the wall that's opposite
Gigantic shades and fancies flit,
Rude-penciled by the blaze;
And maybe they are ghosts of coals,
And maybe they are restless souls
Of other scenes and days.
'Twere sweet, methinks, to know the
source
Of those about the rocking-horse
The baby left to-night;
They seem to touch it tenderly
And almost make it move, and see,



The Glow in the Grate.

The tiny saddle's bright
With soft caresses meant for him.
But mother's chair is lost in dim
And ghostly shades that creep
Within it, somber, still, and trace
Her wasted form and gentle face
In wondrous grays and deep,
As if she sat again to smile
On baby's frolicking, the while
She crooned a song of peace.

Oh mystic shades ! and can ye be
The ghosts of household history ?
And will ye never cease ?
For dark are some and moving slow,
And light are some that dance and go
Like children gay and glad ;
And all the changing edge about
Is darkness, gloom, unsolven Doubt
And things forlorn and sad.

But no, we do not want the light
To drive the shadows forth to-night,
We'll turn around instead
And look upon the coals that glow
So hopefully and brightly throw
Us kisses, warm and red.

It Shall Not Pass.

Once, when I thought an end must
some day be,

That Death's all-moving scythe must
thee bestow

On Heaven—or cut me down—too pain-
fully

My heart tears bled, for, dear, I love
thee so!

Since then I've thought on Fate; to me
it seems

Our loves, like souls, are not new,
fresh-made things

That, born to-day, die when we go, like
dreams—

No, dear, our love, e'en over Death,
hath wings!

Why Should I Live ?

“Why live to have my blossoms fall
on stones ?”

The city sapling sighed, “and what
atones

For blasting heat, for brown, unlovely
walls,

For lack of meadow’s green, for birds’
sweet calls ?

Ah me, ah me, it is no joy to live

Thus, all my leaves and loveliness to give

For naught. Oh, let me die or let me
look

Once more into the ripples of a brook !”

An older elm, whose twigs had oft shed
tears

Of sorrow through the winters of the
years—

Whose re-incarnate wail thus at its feet

Was echoed o’er, breathed back in
cadence sweet:

Why Should I Live?

“Let not thy young, unburdened limbs
complain,
Thou hast but tasted of the worldly pain
Which fleeting Time doth bring with
sad’ning truth,
But which, thank Heav’n, is spared to
dreaming youth.

Live for the joy, the comfort you may be
To tired souls—for those who love to
see
Thy cheerful green. Let not thy efforts
fade
While weary hearts are grateful for thy
shade ;
Though blossoms, thine, may fall on
with’ring stone,
Bethink we live not for ourselves alone.”

* * * *

The Spring-time came ; lo, in the morn-
ing sun,
Loveliest of the trees that little one.

Au Revoir.

"Ah me," the tender zephyrs sigh,
And back again they gently turn
To bid the flowers and leaves good-bye,
To kiss again the fading fern,
Once more to steal some perfume sweet
And lay it at the Summer's feet,
Dear Summer gliding past.

The cricket's song at close of day
Hath lost its cheery, blithesome tone,
And mournfully and far away
It sounds with wood dove's plaintive
moan;
And loving birds are hushed and still
That wooed the Summer from the hill,
The Summer dying fast.

The boisterous breezes of the Fall,
Frost laden, sweep with rudest rush,
Familiarly to toy with all
The leaves, which scarlet blush
And die for shame to think that they
Perforce the zephyr's love betray
To Winter's wanton boy.



Au Revoir.

Poor withered bits of color brown,
So bright and green on Summer's day,
By angry Boreas now torn down,
Are whirled in rustling clouds away;
And sobs the gentle early rain
To see the gladsome Summer wane,
The Summer full of joy.

'Tis sad to see the Summer go,
'Tis sad to lose of kith or friend,
And yet, 'tis better ordered so,
'Tis best our earthly joys should end.
Though Summer, aye, though *Love*
depart,
They'll come again to cheer the heart—
Sans sadness, sans alloy.

THE END.



